

FRANKFORT PHILOSOPHER SEES WHOLE COUNTRY.

"YORK" STANLEY WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF HIS TRAVELS.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 15, '08.
EDITOR ROYAL:—

I have often wondered if Frankfort people disguise themselves when they leave home. I have been knocking about considerably within the past two or three years, visiting places where there are more or less crowds, including summer and winter resorts, have sailed on the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, Chesapeake Bay, the Mississippi, Potomac, St. Johns and other rivers; have viewed the city of Washington and surroundings, from the dome of the Capitol and from the top of Washington monument; have scanned the panorama of the Rockies from the summit of Pike's Peak and of the valleys from Mt. Hager in Montana; have attended theatre performances in Washington when the President and foreign diplomats were present, heard the opera at the French Opera house in New Orleans and witnessed "performances" in "honkatons" in the northwest; have attended services in the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake, visited San Juan Capistrano and other missions in the southwest, and joss houses in Chinatown, in Los Angeles; have paraded out Connecticut avenue in Washington past the British embassy, the French legation and the homes of the "400," viewed the dugouts of the cliff dwellers at Pueblo and explored the slums of New Orleans, Denver, Baltimore and other places by moonlight gaslight and electric light; have watched the porpoises "roll" in the Gulf of Mexico, alligators sunning themselves on the banks of the St. Johns and seals sporting on the rocks in the Pacific; have viewed the antics of the "longs" and "shorts" in cotton exchanges in New Orleans and elsewhere, watched stud games in Montana, roulette in Ogden and policy drawings in Denver; have inspected men-of-war of the United States, German, French, Italian and other navies have seen East Indian coolies without any clothes on enjoying themselves on the deck of a British ship, while I was standing nearby, heavily clothed, and nearly frozen; have seen Indians in their native huts and tents from Florida to the "Inland Empire;" have seen wolves in Southern California, jack rabbits in Kansas and buffaloes in the Big Hole in Montana; have crossed the lava beds in Idaho, the desert in Utah and Nevada, and the swamps of Alabama and Louisiana; have skirted the Everglades, viewed Great Salt Lake and passed within the shadow of the Mountain of the Holy Cross; have seen lemons in Florida as large as coconuts, potatoes in Washington as big as cantaloupes, a beet in Los Angeles nearly four feet long and a turnip in Montana that weighed 30 pounds; have witnessed the Mardi Gras festivities in Mobile and New Orleans, the Grand Army parade in Washington, D. C., and the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena; have stood on the spot where Davy Crockett died, walked on the place where Garfield fell when shot and viewed the theatre where Lincoln was assassinated; have traveled on trains drawn by coal-burning locomotives, wood-burning locomotives and oil-burning locomotives; have viewed oil wells in Los Angeles, coal mines in West Virginia and copper-mines in Montana; have visited the shipyards at Newport News, the navy yards at Washington and Portsmouth and the great smelter at Anaconda; have visited the magnificent Library of Congress at Washington, the ruins of the city wall and old Spanish fort at St. Augustine, and the Alamo at San Antonio; have been through the capitol buildings at Denver, Austin, Montgomery and other places and watch the proceedings of the United States Senate; have "rubbered" at the palatial Ponce de Leon and Alcazar hotels on the Florida east coast, the Tampa Bay on the west coast and the Hotel der Coronado at Coronado Beach, Cal., and inspected the tropical gardens of each; have witnessed the departure of the oyster fleet for the oyster beds up James river, have seen the torpedo floria at Jacksonville and will probably see "Fighting Bob's" coal consumers here in a few days; have attended horse races at Benning, New Orleans, Spokane and elsewhere and automobile races in Denver; have visited the courthouse at Boise, where the Steuenger trials were held, viewed the "catacombs" of Southern Idaho and Northern Utah and inspected the great sacred dragon of the Chinese in this city; have ridden on fast trains of the B. & O. and slow trains of the Harriman system and done some rough riding on the L. & N. and the International & Great Nor-

thern; have climbed the hills in Butte, Mont., and Richmond, Va., walked through dust six inches deep in Austin and waded through mud half a foot deep in towns in Kansas; have seen grain crops cup with the old-fashioned cradle in the east and the up-to-date machine that cut and thresh it all at the same time, and which require about 27 horses to pull them, in Washington and Oregon; have explored the Garden of the Gods, drank the waters at Manitou Springs, watched fishermen catch crabs at Ocean Beach and nearly smothered to death at Old Point Comfort; have viewed the ruins of the big fire in Baltimore, seen some of the effects of the earthquake at Charleston and experienced the hurricane at Mobile; have seen papooses strapped to their mothers' backs in the Indian Territory, Oklahoma and elsewhere, the naked kids of the Cubans in Ybor City, Fla., playing in the yards and the cute children of Chinamen in their native costumes; have witnessed the unloading of banana boats from Bluefields, Belize and other Central American ports, sugar vessels from Porto Rico and coffee ships from South America; have eaten kumquats in the southeast, locust in the southwest, pine nuts in the northwest and Norfolk "spots" in Virginia; have been bitten by bedbugs in Norfolk, mosquitoes in New Orleans and fleas in San Diego; have explored Waycross, Ga., Ardmore, I. T., Oklahoma City, Las Vegas, Nev., Walla Walla, Wash., Potomac, Idaho, Pendleton, Ore., Biloxi, Miss., Dallas, Fort Worth and other places, including Houston and Indianapolis, which latter don't amount to much, nobow, in fine, I have been most everywhere between Cape Henry and Point Lomo and from Port Tampa to the Coeur d'Alenes, have seen things that everybody in Frankfort should see and have seen things they never want to see or hear of—and the only person that I have run across that I every knew by sight or otherwise in Frankfort was Fred Bagby, standing on the pier at Galveston, Tex., gazing out over the bay with a far-away (much farther than Houston or Memphis) look in his eyes and with an expression on his face which seemed to say, "If I am forgiven this time, they'll never see me in Galveston again."

During my rounds I have observed, among other things:

That Louisville, Ky., is the best place in which to live, all things considered.

That San Antonio, Tex., is the prettiest town and Houston the ugliest. That they are still fighting the Civil War in Nashville, Montgomery, Richmond and Charleston.

That the west is more civilized than the east; that they serve better "grub" in the restaurants; that there is not as many toughs, smart Alecs and hoodlums; that there is a better moral tone, less gambling and "booze-fighting" and that if one is a hustler he can make more money in the west, barring Los Angeles, than in the east, that if he is not a hustler he might as well remain in the east.

That Manitou, Colo., is the nicest place in summer and San Diego, Cal., in winter, especially for people of moderate means.

That Louisville, Ky., has the most beautiful women—the ones that make you "sit up and take notice"—but that Mobile, Ala., has the kind a fellow with good taste would like to have about the house to spank the kids (if he had any) and chew the rag with; that Spokane, Wash., is not far behind.

That Indianapolis not only takes the cake, but the whole bakery as well, including the smokestack and garbage can, for ugly women, with Galveston, Tex., and Tampa, Fla., tied for second place.

That Louisville has the best posted men on general topics, and that one hears more slang, obscene and filthy language on the streets than anywhere, and the least in Washington, D. C.

That I saw more drunken women on the streets of Indianapolis than anywhere else, and the fewest in Louisville.

That poets, novelists, artists and others who write about and paint pretty Indian girls are nature fakirs.

That if you had some of those Kentucky bluegrass farms out here you could get a thousand dollars an acre for them.

That if anybody in Frankfort wants to see any "wild and wholly" doings they don't want to come west; if they do they will be disappointed, as everything is more or less, on the pink tea order out here; they can get more action at home or in Tennessee or Virginia.

That the country from Norfolk to Savannah is something fierce.

That Austin, Tex., is the hottest place in summer and Leadville, Colo., the coolest.

That the politicians are "up in the air" as to national affairs; that Roosevelt could get a larger majority than he did before; that if the Democrats had a candidate that was any account they could beat any Republican so

far "mentioned" except Roosevelt; that Hughes is a fakir; that Cannon a joke and a demagogue; that Johnson an "mentioned" are enough known and that chestnut; that Wall Street roads and Congress would have a deaf, dumb and blind man for president and the people don't know what they want, it's Roosevelt.

That the greatest man in the world according to most is President Roosevelt; according to California James Luther Burbank; according to Ohio, Tom L. Johnson; according to the South, or rather the north of a line drawn from New York to west so as to include Montgomery and commander of the Confederate rans, whoever he may be, according to Kentucky, Frank K. Hughes—that is, he ought to be; and a democrat in Kentucky who can receive the unanimous support of the republicans of the Legislature for office, is certainly "going some."

That the men in the top of Kansas are so busy trying to get in to blind tigers that they have no time to pave any streets, build sidewalks or cut the weeds in their yards.

I have been in Los Angeles and vicinity since the middle of December enjoying the sunshine, etc., for which Southern California is justly famous, but expect to go north in a month or so. They certainly have fine weather in winter in Southern California, much nicer than in Florida and New Orleans. It rains very little and there are no cyclones or hard winds—nothing but sunshine. San Diego claims to have an average of only three cloudy days a year. The worst drawback is the lack of rain, from which many crops are suffering now. The Catholic priests in Los Angeles were instructed to pray for rain last Sunday, but it has not come yet and there is not a cloud in sight.

You can get good enough oranges here from 5 cents a dozen up at the stands and still cheaper from wagons. Black walnuts, the kind that grow in Kentucky, sell for about 20 cents a pound. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are sold by weight in the west, with the exception of oranges and lemons.

H. M. ("York") STANLEY.
113 W. Second St.

WORK RESUMED AT THE GLASS FACTORY.

REDUCED FORCE ON DUTY BUT
FULL CAPACITY EXPECTED
TO START IN SHORT
TIME.

Work was begun in the glass factory this week and about 150 men are now employed. It is expected that the full force will be put to work within a short time. This means that one of the largest industries in Frankfort will resume, and that the cash in circulation will be largely increased, as the payroll of the factory is a large one. When the plant is running full force it distributes about \$5,000 a week, which means a good deal to a city of this size. Practically all of this money is spent in Frankfort and helps the merchants and everybody else.

The glass factory is owned by local capitalists almost altogether, and is an important industry. On account of the financial depression recently the plant close down last December and has just been opened again.

MILITARY CAREER OF ISAAC SHELBY.

Dr. C. H. Todd, formerly of Frankfort,
Writes of His Famous Grandfather.

In the current number of The Journal of American History appears a valuable contribution to Southern historical literature from the pen of Dr. Charles H. Todd, of Owensboro. The article deals with the military career of his grandfather, Gen. Isaac Shelby, is handsomely illustrated with map diagrams and pictures, and gives some hitherto unpublished accounts of the battles of Point Pleasant, King's Mountain and Tippecanoe that should prove of exceeding interest to students of history, particularly to the history of this period.

One fact upon which stress is laid in the article is that Point Pleasant was the preliminary struggle for American independence, and it was there that Shelby's heroic conduct resulted in pushing back the boundary line from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi.

Dr. Todd is a charming and scholarly gentleman, who, while he has led a busy professional life, has found time to contribute, now and then, instructive and entertaining historical literature to various leading magazines of the country.

Dr. Todd formerly lived in Frankfort where he has many relatives and friends.

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BRIEF NEWS OF KENTUCKY.

WINCHESTER.—W. T. Fox, Circuit Clerk, received \$4,486 from B. F. French for his fine for contempt of the Clark Circuit Court. This winds up the cases in the Clark Circuit Court which were connected with the feud troubles in Breathitt county. French was fined for running away some of the witnesses for the Commonwealth in the Hagis-Marcia damage suit. The fine was \$500, but Governor Willson remitted the State's portion.

MIDWAY.—Mrs. Margaret Winkle, wife of Mr. G. R. Winkle, died at her home on the Harris place, near Midway, after a long illness with consumption. She was thirty-nine years of age, and for several years past lived in this city, having but recently moved to the country. She leaves a husband, one son and two daughters.

MARROWBONE.—In the Circuit Court, in session at Tompkinsville on Saturday, James Trobaugh, aged 73 years, was granted a divorce from Mrs. Mary Trobaugh, and on Sunday he led to the altar Mrs. Willette Wood, a widow not yet 20 years old. It is Mr. Trobaugh's sixth marriage, three of his wives having died and two others having been divorced.

CARLISLE.—The local president of the Nicholas County Board of Control and the Burley Tobacco Association of this county have been notified by the secretary of the White Burley Tobacco Growers' Association that there have been 200 hogheads of the tobacco pooled in this county sold. This is about one-fourth of the tobacco which was pooled in this county during the year 1906.

LOUISVILLE.—Despondent because his wife, Mrs. Leora Wallbaum, had brought suit against him for divorce, alleging cruelty and inhuman treatment, drunkenness and failure to provide, and for failure to return to live with him, Christian H. Wallbaum, a butcher, formerly in the employ of the L. P. Bornwasser & Co., at 937 Geiger street, took strychnine and died before medical aid could reach him.

LEXINGTON.—William Gay, of Clark county, sent some of the grass from the pasture in which his sheep were recently poisoned to Kentucky State University for analysis. The veterinary surgeons who examined the dead sheep are divided in opinion as to whether the grass which the sheep ate had paris green on it or arsenic was the poison which was used. Mr. Gay lost twenty-five of his valuable sheep Saturday night while they were grazing in one of his pastures. Mr. Gay had only Friday driven his drove of cattle from the pasture in which the sheep were poisoned to another place. He has no clue as to who committed the crime.

STURGIS.—Mrs. Goldie Merritt and Mrs. Reynolds, two sisters, living near Providence, gave birth in one night to five children, the former to triplets and the latter to twins. Both mothers and their little flocks



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are getting along very nicely.

MAYSVILLE.—Judge Lawrence W. Halsey, Circuit Judge of Milwaukee, Wis., has filed suit in the Mason Circuit Court against the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company for \$80,000 damages. This is the largest damage suit ever instituted in a court here.

PARIS.—A telegram received here announced the death at Oklahoma, Okla., of Miss Ella Shipp. She was a native of Bourbon county, and was a sister of Mrs. M. F. Kenney, of this city, and Prof. R. M. Shipp, principal of the Winchester High Schools.

Miss Shipp was a brilliant young woman, and was 35 years of age. The body will be brought here for burial.

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